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ABLE MINISTERS.

(A FEW CHARACTERISTICS OF THEM.)

1. AN able minister is one who has a definite purpose; who has not a general and vague intention of doing good by preaching about all subjects of morals, theology, art, philanthropy, politics, culture, and philosophy; but who has a distinct aim; something which he means to do, — something toward which all his efforts shall be concentrated. No one is more to be pitied than a young minister who goes blindly forward, groping helplessly about for something to say and to do; wondering what he shall preach about next Sunday; having a new theory of Christianity and of life with every new book he reads; and standing before his congregation, in the pulpit, like a mere mirror, to reflect whatever may be passing before him. The first condition of an able ministry is a distinct and clear idea of what a man wishes and means to do.

2. The second condition is, that this aim shall be to serve the NEW COVENANT; to bring men to a living faith in God's love; to make them see in Christ the manifesta-

tion of God's grace; to make them realize that salvation from sin is something present and certain; to show them God as a heavenly Father; to bring them to him through duty, through sin, through success and through failure, through joy and through bereavement; to show to them God's present, constant, universal grace, until they have it in their hearts, and find Christ there, and say, "Now we believe, not because of thy words, but because we have seen him ourselves."

3. And the third condition of an able ministry is dependence on the Spirit of God. The minister who is to have courage to undertake such a work for souls must do it in reliance on a higher strength than his own. He must be sure that God will help him whenever he asks for help. He must be perfectly and fully convinced that there is a wonderful power, which will cause his words to go freighted with influence from his lips, and will surely accomplish every thing which he desires to do. He must be so well satisfied of this, that he shall undertake every thing, however small, with an inward prayer, and never be afraid of any undertaking, however difficult, while he can utter such a prayer.

4. The fourth condition of an able ministry is the absence of selfishness. If a minister thinks of his own ease, his own position, his own rights; if he is not ready to make sacrifices, and make them cheerfully; if he cannot lead the way in acts of generosity and self-denial, — he can accomplish little good. The ministers who have filled their churches with good works have been those who have done much more than their own share of them. "The good shepherd *goes before his flock*, and they follow him." But if a man is contending for his rights, or for his independence, or for his privileges; if he is looking out for a better place or a better salary; if he is suspicious and

jealous, and disposed to contend with his society about what he thinks due to him, — he had better not expect to do them any good; for he will not succeed in doing it.

5. A man, to be an able minister, must also have good sense. A single foolish action, an occasional foolish remark, a want of caution, an imprudent word, some weakness of manner, is often the dead fly in the ointment. We have known men seriously injured by some little coarseness or uncouthness of manners. But, if a man is really desirous of doing good, he will take pains to find out and correct these faults. Good sense is something not always to be acquired, we know; but we can always *borrow* it. We can always find some sensible man or sensible woman, whose advice will save us from injurious errors, if we are humble enough to be guided by it.

6. Let us also say, that good bodily health is essential to an able minister. The body of a minister is his chest of tools with which he does his work. Now, the best carpenter in the town could not do a job in a workmanlike way, if he let his tools get dull, rusty, and gapped in their edges, — the handles off of some, and the points of others broken. Suppose that Ole Bull is to give a concert; and he carelessly drops his violin into a tub of water, then dries it by the fire till it is warped, or leaves it lying on the grass all night in the dew, or on the ground all day in the sun. All his skill, we think, would not enable him to achieve any marvellous melody. But what do ministers do with *their* instrument, far more delicate and susceptible than any made of wood or iron? They sit, day after day, in a hot study heated by a close stove, stooping over a desk; they take no regular exercise; give their lungs, throat, and bronchial tubes no systematic training; do not speak at all during the week; and then, on Sunday, speak three or four hours in a close, unventilated room. They eat all

sorts of indigestible food; tax their brain irregularly, — doing no work with it for several days, and then working all Saturday night, keeping themselves awake by strong coffee. Is it a wonder that their tones are lifeless, their voice instinct with no electric fire, their words not shot forth with any magnetic energy; that hearers subside into the corners of pews; and that mothers grow distracted in keeping the poor, tired children moderately quiet? The apostle prayed that God would preserve his friends' spirit, soul, and BODY blameless unto his coming. Ministers may have blameless *spirits*, filled with piety; blameless *souls*, replete with intellect and morality: but unless they have also blameless bodies, full of solid muscle, strong lungs, good digestion, sound brains, and healthy blood, we cannot be able ministers of the New Covenant.

Henry Ward Beecher told us once, that he prepared his sermons by *sleeping a good deal* in the week; "for," said he, "if the minister does not sleep during the week, his congregation will be sure to sleep on Sunday." There was sense in the remark. How can one who is half asleep himself keep other people awake?

Then as to the management of the voice. We remember, that, when we were in the Divinity School, there were some of us who thought it quite beneath our dignity to learn how to use our voices; we thought that to take lessons in elocution would make us insincere and artificial. We did not know that we spoke already in a most unnatural way, and that the object of taking lessons was to learn to speak naturally. We have all suffered from that error through life. Every public speaker needs to learn the science and to practise the art of speaking. He needs to know how to keep his lungs full of air, how to stand, how to articulate, how to express by the tones of his voice what he wishes to convey. All this is an art to be learned;

and not till he has learned it will he be able to read and to speak naturally.

When we think how much beauty and meaning there are in the Bible, which may be interpreted by good reading; how much better than a commentary may be a single correct emphasis; what light may be flashed into the minds of a congregation by a tone or an inflection; and then when we consider how the Bible is handled by so many blundering, mispronouncing, and monotonous readers in all our pulpits; when we remember the drawling, the whining, the mock-solemnity, the unnatural stiffness of intonation, by which ten thousand congregations are every Sunday defrauded of the delightful food which God's word contains, — we feel disposed to cry out, that of all pulpit-reforms, just now, the most important is that the minister should learn to read distinctly, articulately, and naturally. Mock-solemnity is bad; triviality is bad; pretended earnestness is bad. The art of good reading consists of three things: 1. Good articulation, enunciation, and pronunciation; 2. An understanding of what we read, and interest in it; 3. An understanding and interest in what we read *while* we are reading it, — that is, to think then of what we read; not of ourselves or of our audience.

These are a few hints toward making able ministers.

THE NECESSITY OF FAITH.

An article in the February number of the "Monthly Journal" suggested to me that another might well be written on the importance of *genuineness* of belief.

There is a great deal of faith, so called, which has no title to the name; which, in a map of the soul, would

properly be set down in its unexplored regions. That is not faith, which, because it is the doctrine of a respectable sect or a favorite minister or an eminent saint, is received by another, on the ground that it would be presumptuous to doubt what is so well established. That only is the faith of the individual, which he has recognized, face to face, as living truth.

All genuine belief vitalizes action. It is the root from which the life appears and manifests itself; it is the frame-work of bone upon which the outward form is built. A man has strength and ability just in proportion to his faith, — no more, no less. "By faith," said Christ, "ye shall remove mountains."

Now, a great deal that passes under the name of *faith* has no reality whatever. It does not seem to me unjust to say, that a great many professing believers of hard doctrines do not even know what believing is. If a man tell me that he believes that he is totally depraved by nature, and that, unless he repent, he shall suffer eternal punishment; and yet continues in a careless, thoughtless life, without one effort, apparently, to avert such a threatening doom, — I know that he does not really believe what he asserts; for, if he did, he would use his whole energy, and make any sacrifice, to escape such peril. If another tell me, that only by subduing the lower nature and living from the higher, by the sacrifice of every unworthy, selfish impulse, can we become receptive of the spirit of God, and attain true happiness; and yet I see him giving himself up to easy pleasure, or pursuing the path of ambition, — I know, that, though he may think himself sincere, he is self-deluded. We always choose the gain which seems to us the greatest, and value less the price we pay than the attainment of that which we desire earnestly. Now, it is undoubtedly better to believe a little with the whole heart, than to believe a

great deal carelessly. Whatever we receive as truth must be accepted in the very centre of our being, that it may work through the whole nature.

And this brings us to a position which is not enough regarded, — the necessity of self-examination. This duty is not without its dangers. There is a morbid kind of introspection, which is a corrosive process, and injures far more than it benefits. But there is a searching of the soul in the light of the spirit of God, — a conscious opening of all that is within before him, — which is necessary for a healthful condition of the inner life, and forms the basis of all earnest prayer. How can we ask our heavenly Father to give us such things as we need, if we know not what these things are? We may, indeed, ask vaguely; we may fancy that we submit all things very humbly to his will, and desire only what he sees good for us: but our dear Father wills that we, his conscious children, come with our conscious wants to him; that we go to him hungering and thirsting for those things, the need of which we have indeed realized. Do we believe in prayer? Then let us take no idle requests before our God, but ask for such things as we really want and are truly desirous to receive.

This search of the soul, if faithfully continued, will discover that which we hold as real, abiding faith; and from this will grow, in every sincere Christian heart, a belief which shall be sufficient for every want; a childlike confidence in God; and a sense of personal relation and nearness to him, through his Son Jesus Christ.

HYMN.

THOU Grace Divine! encircling all, —
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls shall fall, —
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy steeps we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes;
The other leads us safe and slow:
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thy embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win:
We know thee by a dearer name, —
O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

MISSIONARY LABORS IN ILLINOIS AND INDIANA.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke,
Sec. of the Am. Unitarian Association.

Dear Brother. — The past two months I have occupied chiefly in missionary labors in Central Illinois and Southern Indiana; leaving my pulpit at Alton, in the care of Rev. Mr. Staples of St. Louis, a part of the time, and returning from my missionary fields to spend a part of the sabbaths with my own people. Some account of these labors is due to the Association, which has furnished me with books and the means of defraying my expenses; and, I trust, will not be devoid of interest. If I give too much detail for publication, I leave it with you to omit or condense at your pleasure.

Shelbyville, Ill. — This is a town of two thousand population, about eighty miles east of Alton, on the Terre-Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad; and the county seat of Shelby County. The "Christian Church" was freely granted for a religious service; and I preached to about a hundred people, on the Unity of God, and the necessity of a true spiritual worship of the Father, in connection with rational views of Christianity, in order to the conversion of the world. At the close of the sermon, the pastor of the church (Rev. Mr. Bastion) made remarks, commending the views that had been presented to the people, and agreeing in the main with the Unitarian doctrine, though taking exception to the name, and to a few of the expressions that occurred in the discourse.

As the society over which Mr. Bastion is pastor is connected with that branch of the church known as "Dis-

ciples," or "Christian Reformers," and agreeing mainly with Alexander Campbell of Bethany, Va., I was not prepared for so near an agreement with Unitarian views. But I afterwards found that Mr. Bastion was not alone among the ministers of this church in rejecting a Trinity of *persons* in the Godhead, and in holding that the Son is subordinate to the Father, and the Holy Spirit a divine influence, the Spirit of truth, having no personality distinct from God.

At the close of the services, I offered the works and memoirs of Dr. Channing, the Lectures of Dr. Peabody, the discourses of Dr. Eliot on the Unity of God and other subjects, the "Monthly Journal of the Association," and the "Christian Inquirer," to the people; but the Unitarian body was so unknown in the community, and my hearers generally members of the Christian and Methodist churches, that not many had the inclination to satisfy themselves further; although they had given a very respectful hearing, and offered the use of the church whenever I wanted to come again. I made a few presents of Dr. Peabody's Lectures, some old numbers of the "Quarterly Journal of the Association," and some tracts, to the pastor and others; and concluded my visit with a feeling of satisfaction that I had made our views better known and understood among our fellow-Christians of this town, excited no hostile feeling, and left some seed of truth to germinate in the minds of the people. The only strong prejudice I encountered was from the proslavery sentiment of certain Democratic politicians, who spread a report that the Unitarians are strongly imbued with abolitionism: and the Democratic paper of the town, in a rather friendly notice from the editor (a member of the Methodist Church), thought my teachings had "a *tendency* to abolitionism;" concluding with an argument in favor of slavery as a divine institution, in which

he said, "We believe that slavery is in accordance with the spirit of the Bible."

Shelbyville is an old town, settled originally by emigrants from Kentucky; and is in the borders of Egypt. As I did not discuss the question of American slavery, I was quite struck with the discovery that our religion has *a tendency* to promote universal emancipation; and, as this sentiment is increasing in Shelbyville among the more intelligent class of people, I did not regret the discovery of so logical an inference, believing it would do good rather than harm.

Terre Haute, Ind. — This is a city of twelve thousand inhabitants; situated on the east bank of the Wabash, a hundred and sixty miles from Alton. It is a growing and prosperous city, from which railroads diverge in several directions. Religiously, it is mostly under the influence of the popular Orthodoxy and Catholicism. There are a few intelligent and influential Unitarians in the community; and there is a small Universalist society, owning a neat church, but not in a prosperous and growing condition. This society is now without a pastor; and, I am told, is not likely to have another very soon. It has had too many pastors, many of them staying only a year, and some only a few months; and, with all these changes, Spiritualism has come in, and done its customary work in attracting the people to "spiritual circles" and to the meetings of "trance-speakers," and in undermining their faith in Christianity, causing them to think they have found something better, in this modern necromancy. Poor souls! they have no ear for the heavenly truths of the gospel, and the voice of God in the divine word; but they can sit, in credulous superstition and wonder, and listen to the "rappings" of "familiar spirits," and the rhapsodical nonsense of entranced mediums, as if it were the very word of life!

The fourth Sunday in January, I preached in the Universalist Church in Terre Haute to sixty or seventy persons; which was a better audience than I had reason to expect, as I was a stranger, and there was a lady "trance-medium" holding forth at the same hours in a public hall. In my audience there were some good Universalist brethren; and Professor Royce and his lady, intelligent and cultivated Unitarians; and a Mr. Jones and his family, who used to sit under Dr. Dewey's preaching in Washington City: and, from these friends, I met with a very cordial reception. We have another excellent friend here in the Hon. W. D. Griswold (who was absent in New York), from whom I have received several kindnesses, and who will give a helping hand to our cause whenever the time arrives for any movement to be made here. That time, however, has not come yet; although it would be very gratifying to the few friends I have named if a Unitarian society and ministry could be established here. A set of Channing's works, and some other smaller Unitarian books, which I left here, I trust will be a good seed planted in a fertile soil.

Paris, Ill. — Returning homeward from Terre Haute, I stopped at Paris, a prosperous town on the railroad, and spent two evenings in lecturing and preaching to the people on moral and religious subjects; and occupied my days in conversations, and in selling books and tracts on Liberal Christianity. "The Christian Church" would have been at my service, but was occupied on the same evenings. The Court House, however, was freely tendered to me; and as the court was in session through the day, and the building was situated in the centre of the town, it was, on the whole, the best place, being well warmed and conveniently located. An intelligent audience of a hundred people or more attended upon my services, including some

of the lawyers from the neighboring towns; and I found a kind and generous hospitality in a good Universalist family. The very *sight* of a Unitarian was a curiosity to some people in this community, and a subject of comment as he passed on the street. A preacher of this order had never visited the place before; and the inhabitants, being largely from Kentucky and Tennessee, and having moved into Illinois at an early period, were scarcely acquainted with the Unitarian name. The Universalist missionaries, having preceded us in all these parts, are much better known; and there are many good people who heartily embrace this faith.

I made the acquaintance in this town of Rev. Mr. Fillmore, the pastor of the Christian Church (Campbellite), and presented him with a copy of Dr. Peabody's "Lectures on Christian Doctrine." I understood him that the doctrine of three equal persons in the Godhead was not generally preached or believed among the ministers of this denomination, and that the Messiahship of Christ they regarded as the fundamental article of the Christian faith. I afterwards met with the Rev. B. K. Smith, another preacher of this order; and he expressed himself emphatically in opposition to the doctrines of the Trinity and of total depravity.

Nevertheless, I found in the churches of this denomination a hymn-book in use, containing hymns in which Christ is worshipped as God; and trusting to one of these good brethren, in one instance, to select a hymn, and lead the congregation in singing it, at the close of a Unitarian discourse, I was surprised with an ascription of praise to "God the Son." The selection was evidently made without perceiving the objectionable line, as I cannot think my Christian brother had any *intention* thus to contradict the sentiments of my discourse. Doubtless the time will come

when these hymns will be altered or omitted, so as to conform to more rational views of the worship of God.

Before leaving Paris, I disposed of several copies of Peabody's Lectures; chiefly by gift, however, as there is not much wealth in these Illinois towns, not many reading people, a very moderate degree of intellectual culture, and hard times with the masses of the community. In some half-dozen of these towns, between Alton and Terre Haute, containing each over two thousand inhabitants, there is not a bookstore; and there can only be found, in a corner of some of the mercantile houses, a few school-books, Bibles, and hymn-books, and a little stationery. The Methodist preachers supply their people with books; the Universalists do the same; and each sect has its colporters and missionaries. Denominational papers are taken in each church; and, the Unitarian literature being comparatively unknown, it does not meet with so ready a sale. Along the great highways of travel in the larger cities, where a more intellectual state of society is found, and farther north, where the stream of eastern emigration flows westward, a far greater demand for such reading would be found. When I remember that I am in the border of Southern Illinois, commonly called "Egypt," I feel that I am meeting with good success; and, if I can get the ministers and a few intelligent laymen to read our works, I am sure that, through their instrumentality, some good will be done. In places where I made a similar visit a year and a half ago, and again last autumn, I meet with a hearty welcome now, and larger audiences attend my meetings.

Litchfield, Ill. — This is a young city, about forty miles east of Alton, incorporated, and having nearly three thousand inhabitants. The iron-works and machine-shops of the railroad are located here, and the community is the most intelligent and enterprising between Alton and Terre

Haute. The people are largely from New England, and the place has grown up within six or seven years. I preached and lectured here on my return homeward; occupying the Presbyterian Church one evening, and the Baptist the next. It was a third visit, and I was greeted with a warm welcome. I had good audiences, sold some good books, and received evidence that a Unitarian church will be needed here as soon as a revival of material prosperity reaches this part of Illinois. Many of the best people in the community, several of the lawyers, the mayor of the city, and some of its leading merchants, are our open and avowed friends. Not much wealth has been accumulated yet, and an adequate salary could not easily be raised for the support of a minister; but the truth will live in the hearts of the people, and the day will come when a free and Liberal Christian church will be established here.

From Litchfield I returned home, and, after spending a sabbath with my own people, made preparation for a second journey into Indiana.

Evansville, Ind. — A journey of nearly three hundred miles, *viâ* Terre Haute and Vincennes, brought me to Evansville, on the Ohio River. Here I found a noble band of Unitarian Christians, with whom I passed two sabbaths, preaching in MARBLE HALL to intelligent and appreciative audiences of about seventy persons, drawn together by a permanent interest in our form of worship and doctrine, and not from any transient curiosity. During my visit, I made some valuable acquaintances, obtained a few subscribers to the "Monthly Journal of the Association," and sold about twelve dollars' worth of Unitarian books. The labors of Mr. Heywood of Louisville, in occasional visits and preaching in Evansville, have accomplished much good here, and are constantly spoken of with interest and affection. A warm friendship also exists for Mr. Hosmer (who

preached here six months), and a high appreciation of his ministry. An arrangement is now made for preaching as often as once a month, by visits from Rev. Messrs. Heywood, Staples, Billings, and myself, until the society are ready to settle a pastor, which they intend to do at an early day. A man somewhat after the pattern of our brother Heywood of Louisville, Ky., is what they are waiting for. Some of the leading men of Evansville are in this movement, — men of fine character, of high social position, and of substantial ability (two of them having the chief management of the free schools of the city); so that there is every prospect of increasing growth and prosperity to our cause. Evansville has now eighteen thousand inhabitants; and, in a few years, there will be added to the existing churches a Unitarian house of worship.

Vincennes, Ind. — During the intervening week of the two sabbaths I spent at Evansville, I paid a visit to Vincennes, gave a lecture, and distributed tracts and books in exposition of the Unitarian faith. I was cordially introduced by letter, and received as a guest into an excellent Presbyterian family, and visited among Episcopalians, Methodists, and Catholics, conversing freely with them upon religious subjects, and leaving among them copies of Peabody's Lectures and Dr. Eliot's Discourses; and to the President of Vincennes University (Rev. Dr. Chapman) I sold a set of Dr. Channing's works. I found quite a number of persons favorably disposed towards our views, and a small "Christian" society, of the Campbellite persuasion, whose church, I was told, would be at our service when not otherwise occupied.

Charleston, Ill. — Returning homeward, I passed four days in this flourishing town, — the county seat of Cole's County; a place of two or three thousand inhabitants. It was my second visit, and I received a cordial welcome.

The Christian Church was placed at my service for two evenings; and, on the fourth evening, I gave a lecture in a public hall to a large and intelligent audience. In my religious meetings here, as elsewhere, I gave invitations, at the close, for remarks from any who felt disposed to take part either in friendly discussion or in prayer and exhortation. Some of my meetings were largely in the nature of a conference, and the best of feeling and Christian sentiment prevailed. In the pastor of the Christian Church I found an excellent friend, to whom I gave copies of Peabody's and Eliot's Discourses; and I found also a noble Christian young man here, — a merchant, who had been a member of Dr. Eliot's congregation in St. Louis during his youth and early manhood. It was pleasant to hear him speak in terms of reverence and affection of the good influence Dr. Eliot's preaching had exerted upon his mind in forming his precepts and character. I was his guest during my stay, and persuaded him to subscribe for the "New-York Christian Inquirer," that he might have a weekly messenger of our faith in his household. He would be very glad to have a Unitarian church established in Charleston; but the time has not come yet. The seed we have sown there may grow and be harvested at some future day. Several influential citizens incline to our views: but their families are in the existing churches; and they will perhaps do as much good, for a time, in exerting a liberal influence where they are, as if they undertook a separate movement.

From Charleston I returned home, having accomplished two very interesting visits into Indiana, strengthening the faith and good purposes of our brethren at Evansville, and scattering the good seed of the kingdom throughout the whole distance, — at Litchfield, Shelbyville, Charleston, and Paris, Ill., and at Terre Haute and Vincennes, Ind.;

emptying a large trunk-full of books and pamphlets, about half of which were sold, and the other half given away; and receiving about enough for preaching to pay for the gratuitous distribution.

The Wrong Passenger. — Many old numbers of the "Quarterly Journal of the Association" having accumulated at home, I took them with me to give away on the cars; and, generally, they were politely received and read: but in one instance, as it happened, I "waked up the wrong passenger." On the passage from Terre Haute to Charleston, I passed through the cars, selecting the most intellectual of the crowd, to whom I gave copies of the "Quarterly Journal." Seeing a gentleman of strongly marked features, and a good mental and moral development, I offered him a copy, which he took into his hands very cautiously, and, when I had passed on a few steps, called me back suddenly, handing out the pamphlet towards me, and saying, "Here, sir: I donna want this. I'll read nothing with that name on it," pointing to the word "UNITARIAN" in the title. "I'm a Presbyterian, and belonged to the Scotch Kirk in Scotland."

I explained to him that I meant no offence in offering the pamphlet; that it was a free gift; and that I thought it probable he might like to read what this class of his fellow-Christians had to say for themselves. "Fellow-Christians!" he said. "They're no fellow-Christians! They donna believe in Christ, nor consider him more nor a mere man. I know all about it, an' I'll read none o' your writings."

I replied, that I thought he was much mistaken in supposing that the Unitarians did not believe in Christ, or that they thought him a *mere* man; and that it would be better to read what they had to say for themselves, instead of condemning them unheard and unread. But not wish-

ing to produce an excitement in the car, and the rumbling of the wheels making it difficult to say any thing to advantage, I passed on, and left my Scotch fellow-passenger to his own cogitations, and the amusement of those who sat near enough to hear our conversation, and to witness the indignant rejection of the Unitarian pamphlet.

All of which is respectfully submitted by

Your friend, and fellow-servant of Jesus Christ,

J. G. FORMAN.

ALTON, ILL., Feb. 28, 1860.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF KINGS.

THE history of the Jews, in the Old Testament, has the merit of being the most open-hearted of all histories. You see, not the face alone of the clock, but the smallest wheel within. You are told, not merely that the political machinery stops, but what cog has fallen out of its place. You are shown the *cause* of the people's suffering, when they fell into captivity or by the sword; and, again, the reason of their prosperity, when they triumph and are blessed.

This makes the peculiar value of the Book of Kings as a public instructor. Divine Providence does not have to be doubtfully asserted: it stands out in bold relief everywhere. Jehovah's justice is fearfully vindicated upon the nation and upon individuals alike. Righteousness bears its own reward with it, and iniquity does not have to wait long for its deserved judgment. Only that the annals are so exceedingly brief, the writer apparently supposing so many things understood without being expressly stated;

and, other books having perished which would throw light on what is obscure, it is needful sometimes to compare together widely separated passages, in order to feel their truth and harmony. This the Cambridge Professor Blunt has done, in his book entitled "Undesigned Coincidences;" and, in the case of David, with remarkable results. His great crime is brought into the fore-front, as the turning-point of his eventful story. Up to that double deed of infamy, he is the favorite of heaven and earth: from that fatal misstep, every thing about him is changed, as it was to Cain after his murder. The partial success of Absalom seems to have sprung from his father's forfeiting the confidence of a religious nation, and trampling upon the best-known laws of God. David's own conscience turned coward. His own sense of ill-desert made him expect ill. He seems hardly surprised at any calamity; because God is just, and "of our pleasant vices makes the instruments to scourge us." He does not complain of the misery, so darkly contrasted with his former glory: he accepts it as merited chastening, — as earthly compensation for acknowledged transgression.

Hardly is it too nice an inference, that Joab's insolence, his wanton disobedience to the royal order which would have spared Absalom's life, his assassination of the successor to his generalship of the Lord's host, his intrenching himself away from the capital in a sort of baronial independence, his dictation to the sovereign to leave off lamenting over his murdered son, came from his conviction that David was the sick lion whom any strong beast might safely kick. When Joab actually suffers himself to be involved in the treason of Adonijah, David seems to remember that the conspirator was an accomplice in Uriah's murder: so he suffers the thorn to prick in his side, and leaves it perhaps to a beardless boy, certainly to a sovereign just entering upon

his brittle authority, to avenge the innocent blood, shed by this brave and lawless warrior, upon a head he dared not touch himself.

But it is a very curious fact, observed by no cursory reader of these artless annals, that the Ahithophel, whose counsel was felt to be so immense an advantage to Absalom in his rebellion, had a reason, whose weight David bowed before in silence, in conspiring against the anointed King of Israel. He was doubly related to Uriah, — by marriage and by blood. He could not be indifferent either to the infamy or injury inflicted upon his own relatives. No other opportunity had offered itself to show how the wound rankled; no other blow could prove how cruelly he had been struck. Absalom felt, perhaps, that Bathsheba's grandfather would not refuse his great service to the avenger of this unatoned wrong, — unatoned to the family, certainly, whom David had so wantonly outraged. And he did not mistake his man. Ahithophel's suggestion, that Absalom should publicly commit the last offence upon his father's bed, looks like a long-matured retaliation in the spirit of the national law and the national sense of right.

At any rate, if this minute development of that Divine Justice, which so often commends the cup we have poisoned to the poisoner's own lips, seems too strained, we cannot help seeing the "recoil" of David's sin in the curses which rained down upon the national idol, as he fled, with such meagre following, from the city he had himself brought within the Israelitish domain, — the Jerusalem he had won, enriched, adorned, and made glorious. The people's heart had turned against him, and, he knew, deservedly. The people's voice of condemnation was echoed in his own conscience as the voice of the Great Judge. God had done every thing for him, and he had returned it all by such an example of wholesale profligacy as would have hurled his

nation down the precipice of utter abandonment; as would have made Jerusalem (what Josephus declared it was in his day) as base as Sodom, and guilty as Gomorrah. No wonder that he commanded his faithful adherents not to resent the insults which were showered upon the bareheaded fugitive; that he declared it was Jehovah's hand, and no more than his own desert. As his experience had shown the world how fidelity could be rewarded, his experience was to show as conspicuously that sin in high stations must be as distinguished for its suffering, its remorse, and its infamy.

THEOLOGICAL KNOTS.

BY SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

THERE is no phrase which expresses more clearly the nature and the contents of the Orthodox system of theology, according to our apprehension of it, than the one we have prefixed to this paper. It implies, that what is termed Orthodoxy is, in substance, a collection of tangled, inextricable, and contradictory enigmas, which are destitute of all clear and lucid utterance of truth; the one portion of which does not correspond or harmonize with the other, and which no person can possibly entertain, or honestly believe, unless by suspending the exercise of that sublime faculty of reason, more correctly termed "common sense," which is the universal standard among men on all other subjects of human reflection and scrutiny.

Let us glance briefly at several of the involved and convoluted contradictions which the received Orthodox system palpably contains.

I. The first and most remarkable of these knots, which deserves our attention, refers to the dogma of the Trinity. See, for a moment, what a tangled web *that* is! The Orthodox theory asserts, that the Godhead, or Supreme Being, consists of three separate, distinct, and co-equal persons; and yet that one single nature, or essence, pervades all three, thereby constituting them one entity, or being. Each separate person is God, even when separately taken; consequently, each of the three possesses infinite and boundless attributes. Now, if this were so, the result would inevitably follow, that there would be in existence three different and separate sets of infinite powers and attributes, existing at the same time, and operating in the same universe. This is impossible; for one single set of *infinite* powers and attributes would alone occupy and fill the universe. Thus, if the Father, as God, possessed omnipresence separately, he would bear such a relation to universal space as absolutely to fill it by that mysterious diffusion, whatever its nature may be, which we term omnipresence; and hence it would be impossible for the second omnipresence of the Son, as God, and for the third omnipresence of the Spirit, as God, to exist, and to have a potential and real operation at the same time, in the same universe. This is evident from the nature of an acknowledged law of the universe, by which no two entities, whether physical or intellectual, can exist or operate in the same point of space at the same time. If this remark applies with truth to the divine omnipresence, it is equally applicable to all the other infinite attributes of the Deity.

II. The three persons of the Trinity are held, by the Orthodox system, to be not only co-equal in nature, but also co-eval in point of duration. Each of them is eternal as to past existence: that is, all were equally without beginning. To imagine an infinite God who had a "beginning

of days" would be preposterous; and such a conception is rejected by Trinitarians. Nevertheless, it is a fundamental element in their theory, that the Son was *generated* by the Father, and that the Spirit *proceeded* from the Father and the Son: *generat Filium, spirant Spiritum Sanctum.* If this be true, how is it possible for all three of them to be co-eval in point of past existence? If one person generated another, does not that conception imperatively involve the logical necessity of admitting the prior existence of the one to the other? If one being proceeded from two others, must not those other two have existed before his generation, or procession from them, began? Can a son be as old as his father? Must not the father be pre-existent to his offspring?* But then they call this generation of the Son and this procession of the Spirit an *eternal* generation and procession. Does not this expedient only make the knot still more tangled and inexplicable? The phrase "eternal generation or procession" is a contradiction of terms and a palpable impossibility; for procession and generation are both processes which necessarily involve successive stages of activity and development. We might as well speak of an instantaneous progress; of a being who was at the same time good and bad; of a person who was at once white and black. It does not remedy the absurdity of a thing to clothe it in new language, to invest it with the delusive drapery of specious phrases; for its essential nature will still remain unaltered and the same.

Hence we infer, that, if the Son be generated by the Father, he must be posterior in origin, and secondary in date of existence, to the Father; and also, that if the Spirit had not an independent existence, but proceeded from the Father and the Son, none of them are eternal, none are

* Ps. ii. 7: "Thou art my Son; *this day* have I begotten thee."

self-existent, except the Father only. Hence, as eternity and self-existence are essential elements in the nature of the Supreme Being, even according to the theory of the Orthodox, it is evident that neither the Son nor the Spirit can possess that attribute of divinity, according to their own premises. The Father alone remains, as possessing this quality: the Son and the Spirit enjoy only a derived existence, which has been drawn from that of the Father originally, and afterward expanded into that of the Son, and consummated in the elaboration of the Spirit.

III. Trinitarians hold that Christ had a twofold nature, — one purely human, though without sin; the other, wholly divine, — and that these two distinct natures were mysteriously combined in the *unio hypostatica*. They further teach, that the divine nature of Christ was so intimately connected with the human as to form one being; and that his divine nature was so closely identified with the nature of the Father and the Spirit, that, thus united, they constituted but one essence. Now, if these positions be true, will it not necessarily follow, that Christ's *human* nature may and will become combined or united, in a greater or less indefinable degree, with the divine nature both of the Father and the Spirit? And, if this be true, then the nature of neither the Father, the Son, nor the Spirit, could have been originally infinite; for that which is infinite cannot possibly receive any accession or *addendum* to its existence or its nature, in any form, whether of body or of spirit. Hence, by maintaining this theory of the union of a divine nature with a human in Christ, the Trinitarian threatens to assail the doctrine of the divine nature and attributes even of the Father; and thus he verges, in fact, upon the confines of atheism, by depriving the universe of the presence and existence of any God whatever. Or, if any connection might exist between Christ's human

nature and the nature of the Father or Spirit, the completeness of the union between the two natures of Christ with each other is disturbed; and then follows a disarrangement, — an intricate knot in the approved machinery of the vicarious atonement.

IV. The Orthodox theory of the fall of Adam, its causes and its consequences, is another knot which seems to us insoluble. According to that statement, that event was very little better than a disgraceful failure on the part of the moral Governor of the universe. How so? Thus. It is admitted that God is a being of infinite benevolence: hence, in creating the world, his purpose was to promote the happiness of the sentient beings whom he placed in it. At the same time, as a being of perfect holiness, he designed that all his sentient creatures should also be holy. The perfect holiness and happiness of his creatures would also be promotive of his own glory, by the exhibition of an order of beings whose character and career were so elevated, pure, and consonant with his own nature. To accomplish and realize these designs on the part of the Creator, it was necessary that man should continue in the same position, and retain the same moral qualities with which he was created. Any deviation from his original purity would change man's relation to his Creator; would alter his own future destiny; would transpose his position in the universe; would transform the appearance of the world itself, making it a very different world from that which God had originally created. Certainly the occurrence of such a catastrophe would be a great calamity. It would be no compliment to the power and providence of God, who could not avert such a disarrangement of his plans, such a marring of his handiwork, such a total deterioration in the condition and destiny of his creatures. Yet this is precisely the very calamity which has occurred, according to

the Orthodox theory. The serpent — itself a creature of God — defeated the very end, which, of all others, was most acceptable to the Supreme Being; for which, in fact, he created the world and the human race: and the Almighty is then put to it to find an *ex post facto* remedy or expedient by which he may retrieve the disaster to some extent, and bring *a portion* of the victims of Satan's artifices back again to their original destiny. A more lamentable failure on the part of an infinite Being could not well be imagined.

V. Not less illogical and contradictory is the Orthodox view of the nature of the vicarious atonement of Christ. According to it, sin is the violation of the infinite law of an infinite God: hence it is in itself a boundless offence, and requires an infinite atonement. It became necessary, therefore, that Christ, as the second person in the Trinity, should die for man, in order to achieve that atonement. But Trinitarians assert that the divine nature in Christ *did not* suffer; because the divine nature is, under all circumstances, impassible: it was only Christ's human nature that suffered. If this be so, where was the "infinite atonement"? and in what respect did the death and sufferings of Christ differ from those of any other great and good man? It will not do to answer, "The altar sanctifies the gift." This is merely complicating the knot; because no altar, however great, can change the essential nature of the sacrifice placed upon it, transforming *the finite into the Infinite.* Not even the high altar of the great Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem could transform an unclean offering, placed upon it, into a clean one; or could re-create the hateful body of a swine into the acceptable meat of a bullock. Neither could the presence of the divine nature in Christ affect or dignify human sufferings.

VI. Orthodoxy has tangled together another Gordian knot by its view of the divine foreknowledge. Either

that theory of God's foreknowledge and absolute decrees must be abandoned as unscriptural and irrational, or the Deity must be regarded and described as the most cruel and malignant of all the beings of whom we can conceive. Orthodoxy teaches, that, by the fall of Adam, the whole human race became totally corrupt; "and that, as a consequence of that corruption, uncounted millions of human beings have suffered the penalty of eternal misery; — that, without the divine assistance, they cannot possibly escape such a fate; and that, therefore, innumerable millions, who are not of the elect, in the ages to come, will endure the same infinite miseries." All these horrors result from the sin of Adam, with which they had nothing to do; for it is admitted, that, had not Adam fallen, these calamities would not have supervened.

Now, we say, that if God foreknew and foresaw these things, as he must have done, by virtue of his omniscience, and if he still persisted in the creation of a universe whose fate he knew would become so disastrous, and pregnant with incalculable miseries to so many sentient creatures, he must be the most cruel being of whom we can conceive. If he were supremely benevolent and good, why did he not either avert these calamities, or abstain altogether from the creation of a world, in which, as he foresaw, the destiny of his creatures would become so indescribably wretched? Surely absolute non-existence or oblivion would be far preferable to a destiny of such awful suffering as becomes the experience of the millions of the fallen and non-elect of the human family.

VII. Speaking of the co-ordinate eternity of the three persons in the Trinity, — an attribute which is essential to their divinity, — we are reminded of another knot involved in the Orthodox theory of that subject. If the Spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son, that procession could

not have been eternal; for an additional reason, — namely, because *some interval* of time must be allowed for the generation of the Son to take place. The Son must have been generated before the procession of the Spirit from him could even have commenced. The Spirit could not proceed from the Son before the Son existed; and, as the Son's existence was produced by a process of generation, some time is inevitably necessary to allow that process to take place. Hence the procession of the Spirit was posterior, in order of time, to another process which preceded it. Therefore it is absurd to say that the Spirit is co-equal in point of duration with the Father, or even with the Son; and he is consequently destitute of an independent existence, without beginning, which is essential to his divinity. To answer that both the generation of the Son and the procession of the Spirit were eternal, is merely to increase the darkness by complicating the absurdity.

THE HINDOO MISSION.

[The following are extracts from letters received from Mr. Dall by the last mails from India.]

Written afloat on the Ganges River, steamer "Charles Allen," returning to Calcutta; as due you from that city by the outgoing mail of the 8th of November, 1859.

Dear Brother Clarke, — Since I wrote you last, I have seen and heard enough to fill many letters. I am the captain's guest, as you remember: and it happens, that, by reason of the number of passengers down, I've at present no cabin of my own; so I write above-stairs, in the midst of lascars just now washing decks, and of children shouting in either ear. As we rush on through the keen morning air ('tis now eight o'clock, A.M.), I have the rare sensation

(in India) of feeling my hand so stiff with cold as with difficulty to hold the pen.

Among the good things gained by this trip, let me mention, as they occur to me, and "without any order," (1) that the place of richest opportunity for us, I am more than ever convinced, is Calcutta. There are no such bodies of young men to influence in any interior city that I have yet visited; say, among them, Mongheer, Dinapore, Ghazeepore, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, — some of them nearly as populous as Calcutta Proper. Instead of seven or eight hundred younger and older *talkers* (to give them no better title), some of whom visit my room almost every day in the year, I find missionaries at Dinapore and Patna, who tell me that they preach and argue, in the face of frequent ridicule, in the bazaar; but *never pray* there, because the tone of feeling excited does not allow of it. "How many natives have joined the standard you hold up?" I asked of three brother-missionaries whom I called to see in Dinapore three or four days ago. "One," was the reply: "we have but one native Christian here." The wife of one of the missionaries was about suggesting the name of a second convert, but was gently met with "No: not he. Don't call him a Christian: he has disgraced the Christian name." I could enlarge greatly upon this point, but must not now. Suffice it to say, that, the more I see of India, the stronger grows my conviction, that the metropolis of British India (Calcutta) is the place for us. There may God help us to establish ourselves; cover our heads, in due time, with a good, substantial building for residence, for schools, for Sunday services, and perhaps a *press* of our own (not needed just now), and give us more than a name to live! I am led to believe that the "Metropolitan Press" speaks to all the interior as no up-country paper begins to do. Within a fortnight, Europeans of standing

in the heart of Oude and of Behar, men I had never seen, have addressed me as one they had long known. The two or three dozen discourses, lectures, educational addresses, &c., which the Calcutta press have generously circulated for me during the last four years, have been read with some approval, I am thus compelled to believe, in many parts of India. "If you are the Unitarian Mr. Dall of Calcutta, we know you well," has repeatedly met me where I least expected it, at various points of both of my two later journeys: viz., that of two thousand miles into Southern India (including the out and back) in May and June last; and this of twice fourteen hundred miles on the Ganges and about Northern and North-Western India, as at this time, — September, October, and November.

The only added fact I will now give in evidence of my persuasion that Calcutta is an unsurpassed point of missionary labor is the limited success of the American Methodist mission in charge of Dr. Butler, who sailed from Boston about a year after I did, and who, all say, is a strong and acceptable preacher. He, thinking, as I suppose (and, if so, erroneously), that to stay in Calcutta would be to trench on ground already occupied, and "build on another's foundation," proceeded at once to Lucknow; availing himself in part, if I am rightly informed, of the generous donation of ten thousand rupees to start missions in Oude, just given by Sir Henry Lawrence. I learned the other day in Lucknow, that, being past the middle age, Dr. Butler did not propose to himself to preach in a native tongue, or to acquire any Oriental language, but rather to act as bishop to other laborers (eight or nine of whom have lately arrived on the ground), so far as they would accept his guidance. He has a school of from thirty to fifty children in Lucknow; and another, perhaps as large, at Bareilly, whither he had gone when I called the other day at the old

palace, which the English authorities had assigned to him and his work. The people in and near Lucknow, so far as I could learn, are about half and half Mahometan and Hindoo: the Mahometans very bigoted, and, as in Calcutta and elsewhere, haters of Christ and of progress; and the Hindoos glad or willing enough to have their boys instructed in English (the language of power and preferment), but utterly prohibiting any instruction of the other sex. I have every reason to believe that Dr. Butler, our "Episcopal-Methodist" brother, has laid out his whole strength on his work, and done with his might what his hand found to do; yet, from all I hear, his chief success has been with European troops and other Western-born hearers, and not with Asiatics. I rejoice to hear him spoken of by all who know him, and whom I have met, as an eloquent preacher and heart-moving prophet of the gospel. Still, I cannot escape the conviction, that, had he located himself near or in Calcutta, instead of in the capital of Oude, he would have reached and truly converted heathen souls more than he has reached, and perhaps ten to one. At the same time, surrounded in Calcutta with I dare not say how many thousands of young men, progressively bent, and numerous enough to keep each other in countenance, who are both readers and *payers* for all we print (some nine or ten hundred thousand pages already printed by us in Calcutta), as well as of all you send us out (large boxes of good books every other month or so), I return from this survey of Northern India gladder than ever that we are what we are and where we are, — pure Unitarians in heart and mind, and fixed at the grand disseminating centre of mission-life for India (Calcutta).

(2) A second point of importance upon which this present journey has thrown considerable light is the possibly successful sale of our books in the larger towns by col-

porterage. If any of these places resembled Calcutta in its proportionate supply of readers of English and Christian books, I should feel far more encouraged than I do about it. I am tied by my furlough arrangements to this steamer, and her very brief delays at any one place: so that I have had only casual interviews with intelligent natives and with brother-missionaries; the last of whom seldom shake hands with me, by the way, even in the midst of proffered hospitalities, without frankly "hoping that I am making no converts." Native gentlemen have heard with surprise and almost incredulity what I have had to tell them of the open way in which "Young Bengal," in the metropolis, dares to attack and flout all idols as the toys of babes. "Up here," they say, "we hardly venture to whisper above our breath that we believe in *only one God.*" They would be drowned to death in public scorn if caught reading the Bible or any Christian book, so they say. Thus I have, at present, painful doubts of the success of colporterage in the inland cities.

CALCUTTA, Dec. 8, 1859.

Safe home once more, I find a noble pile of letters and home-papers on my table, which have been accumulating during the nine-weeks' absence. By the way, this protracted absence, to which I was compelled, by being attached as a guest to one steamer, to go and return, has given me more hearers than if I had been at home in Calcutta. I mean, by hearers, persons of either sex assembled for social prayer, singing, and Bible-reading, and a proper sermon. During the oppressive months of the autumn, few persons will turn out to church in Calcutta, without special grace to help them; and I could hardly have had forty new hearers, or even old and dear friends, gather at the mission-room at this season. From eight to fifteen gathered at our daily prayer-meeting in the steamer's ca-

bin, and twenty-five or thirty listened right gladly to the word God gave me to dispense, in the Military Hospital at Allahabad. We stopped on the way at a dozen different cities; and I had my eye out, as usual, for the distribution of reading-matter. Acquaintance and conversation also with the various passengers entering and leaving our boat from port to port gave me some opportunities of flinging a wayside seed. None of these objected to take "One Hundred Arguments for Unitarian Christianity," or Brother Cordner's "Historic Progress of the Doctrine of the Trinity." As a specimen of this sort of work, I met at Futteypore a noble and true-hearted native Christian man, — Mr. Gopee Nauth Nundy; who, in the height of the mutiny, barely escaped with his life, and is well known to have preferred death from his Mussulman jailers rather than renounce his faith in Christ. He had been converted truly to God by our Trinitarian fellow-Christians, and had shown the spirit of a disciple in calling at my room in Calcutta, where but one other brother-preacher of Christ — Dr. Boaz — has, if my memory serves, ever consented to come. Brother Nundy happened to put his head into the railway carriage in which I sat, while the train tarried at (his place of labor) the town half-way between Cawnpore and Allahabad. His face lighted up at once with a smile of welcome as he laughingly said, grasping my hand, "How are you, Brother Dall? Making no converts, I hope." — "Brother Gopee Nauth," said I, "here are some good Unitarian books for you, and some of our journals: what say you to these?" — "Thank you, thank you!" he returned: "I'll read them carefully." "Will you? Then take 'A Hundred Arguments,' 'Homeward Path,' and 'Life of Miss Clapp,' by good Dr. Robbins; and see what you can make of them."

Yours, C. H. Dall.

HYMN BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(Written in her Prayer-book, in Latin, a few hours before her execution. With an English translation.)

O Domine Deus!
Speravi in te:
O care mi Jesu!
Nunc libera me.
In dura catenâ,
In misera pœnâ,
Desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro
Ut liberes me.

O Father, my Maker!
My hope is in thee:
O Jesus, dear Saviour!
Now set my soul free.
From this my hard prison,
My spirit, uprisen,
Soars upward to thee.
Heavy chains, cruel pains,
And these wretched soul-stains,
Urge my longing to thee.
Thus groaning and moaning,
And bending the knee,
I adore, and implore
That thou liberate me.

EXTRACT FROM DR. HUNTINGTON'S TRACT,

"What do ye more than Others?"

(Printed in 1847.)

We claim to have outgrown the ritualism of Rome, the narrow exclusiveness of Calvinism, and the assumption and intolerance of Oxford and the English Church. We have cast off the gross conception of God as more than one in his nature; seeing plainly that that honest mistake had its origin in a Pagan mythology. We have rejected the poor absurdity, so injurious to the sublime office and simple dignity of the Saviour, that the Deity suffered in his person and in our stead to satisfy his own stern indignation, and as a sacrifice to himself, — himself being very God. We have refused so to trifle with intelligible Scripture as to take, in place of the truth written there, — that man is formed in the image of God, and, though liable to sin as to virtue, yet his child, and naturally capable of obedience, — we have refused to take, in place of that inspiring truth the unworthy dogma, that we are born in the fatal likeness of evil spirits; and we congratulate ourselves, and thank Heaven, for being set free from those dark delusions. We are glad and grateful to be on the returning way to the simplicity of our Master and his gospel; to see in the Supreme Spirit one tender Father; in Jesus, a Saviour, and His Son; offering forgiveness, if we will have faith in him, and repent; teaching us righteousness, brotherly love, and purity of heart in daily action; and disclosing to us, by example and precept, that to live like him is life immortal; in our own natures, to read the capacity either to be miserable in sin, or to find joy and strength and ever-growing excellence by serving devoutly that Father, and by believing and following humbly that Saviour.

THE ELECT LADY.

A SERMON ON MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

[Arthur Helps, in his "Conquest of America," says, that the next best thing to knowing how to make a good rule is to know when to break it. Having made a rule against long articles, we broke it, in our last number, by a very long article on Mr. Huntington's Trinity. Having made another rule against the insertion of sermons in our monthly, we directly broke it, and wisely, by the publication of a good one by our brother Bartol. Then we broke it again, and judiciously, by inserting an interesting account of Horace Mann by our brother Allen. To be sure, we knocked off the text, and tried to reduce it from the homiletic form to that of a magazine article; but the experts probably penetrated with ease the thin disguise. And so now another exception to our rule arises, in the instance of a sermon upon Mrs. Follen, which we here print.

It is good, in a monthly like ours, to bid farewell to the friends who leave our earthly company for the companionship of saints above, by a few such sincere words, however inadequate. Such words we here endeavor to say concerning a Unitarian Christian who has lately left us, — a friend of Dr. Channing, and an earnest believer in the simplicity of the faith of Christ. Such a one ought to be spoken of to Unitarians in a Unitarian magazine.]

"The elder unto THE ELECT LADY, whom I love in the truth; and not I only, but also all they who love the truth for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever." — 2 JOHN, 1, 2.

THIS elder is the Apostle John. He calls himself "the elder," or "the old man," perhaps because he was then the oldest of the apostles living, — the oldest of all the leaders and teachers of the Christian Church. His letter is short: perhaps he was too aged and too feeble to write long letters. It was written to one of his Christian friends, whom he calls the elect lady. Some persons have thought that this lady was Mary, the mother of Jesus, because she was certainly *the* elect lady among all women, and because John the apostle was left by Christ as her adopted son. But it is not likely that Mary was alive when John was so old;

nor likely, that, if written to her, we should not have been told so by the church traditions; nor likely that he should have thought it necessary to warn her against the heresy of those who denied that Jesus came in a real human body.

Others say, that the word translated "lady" was a proper name, and that her name was Kuria, — "the elect Kuria, whom I love in the truth." That may be; but against it is the fact, that the adjective ought, in that case, to follow the substantive, — "Kuria, the elect;" as in the third Epistle it reads (in the Greek), "Gaius, the well-beloved." The word "Kuria" is the feminine of "Kurios." "Kurios" means lord, or master: "Kuria" means lady, or mistress. One stands for the master of the household; the other, for its mistress. You know that we have abbreviated these two words into Mr. and Mrs.; but, one or two hundred years ago, they were always spoken full, — Master So-and-so, and Mistress So-and-so. These are the Latin forms, of which the Saxon are "lord" and "lady;" both of which words signify the heads of the household, who distribute the bread daily to the family and to the poor.

There is something touching and tender in the fact, that the Apostle John here calls himself neither apostle, bishop, nor saint, but simply THE OLD MAN. That is all the authority he claims, all the rank he assumes, all the title he covets, — the authority, position, deference, due to age. He had outlived all the apostles, — all the early disciples of Christ. He was the only one alive, perhaps, who had seen the Master. But as old wine purifies itself by throwing off all that is harsh, unassimilated, and fiery, and retains at last only the purest essence, the sincerest aroma, of the vintage: so, from the mind of the apostle, the fiery zeal of his youth had passed away; the special theologies, so dear to his manhood, had become less important. Now all he

has to say is contained in the three words, — love, truth, obedience; and all that he insists on is that one should abide in the teaching of Christ himself. "I love you in the truth," "for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever." — "I am glad that your children walk in the truth." — "I beseech you, that we love one another." "And this is love, — that we walk after his commandment."

You will notice, also, that not now, as when he wrote the Gospel, does he insist on the doctrine of the Divinity of Jesus, or the Word; but rather on the doctrine of the HUMANITY. The chief danger seems now to him to be, of forgetting the Humanity of Jesus, — that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh; that is, as a real man. But, to him, all things were finally taken up into these broader generalizations of TRUTH, LOVE, and OBEDIENCE. This is one of the blessings of age, when it thus enlarges mind and heart. Age should always liberalize; and it usually does liberalize. Those whom we knew years ago — earnest but narrow zealots for some special form of Christianity — we meet again, and find them ripened and mellowed, and with sympathies grown so large that they can embrace all who love the truth and obey the good.

Notice, again, that John calls this Christian lady to whom he writes the "ELECT" or "CHOSEN" lady. All Christians are called, in the New Testament, "elect." But this word "elect," and this doctrine of "election," have been much misunderstood, and great harm done by the error. It is supposed to mean those arbitrarily chosen by God for eternal happiness in heaven, without regard to character: but, in reality, it refers, not to heaven, but to earth; not to eternity, but to time; not to reward, but to privilege; not to enjoyment, but to labor. It means, chosen to an opportunity, — gifted with the privilege of doing a special work.

Every Christian is thus chosen for a work, — chosen to do something great and good, — and has a peculiar opportunity. The Jews were a "chosen people," — "an elect nation;" not chosen to go to heaven, but to do a work and have a privilege here on earth. Christ, the Messiah, was the Elect of God (Luke xxiii. 35), but chosen and elect to be the Christ, the Messiah, the Mediator of the Divine Love, — chosen, that is, for a work here in time. This principle of election runs through all of God's dealings with mankind. He chooses some for special work; gives them peculiar privileges, education, and influence; not because of any merit of theirs, but *because he chooses them.* It is a mystery why *we* should be born and educated in New England, and others in Africa or New Zealand; why *we* should be taught Christianity, and they idolatry; we educated to virtue, and they to vice. God has an order, and chooses the world to be thus varied: that is all. But this election is to responsibility. "To whom much is given, of them will much be required." The elect are to be judged, and, if they have received five talents or ten talents, will be called to account for them.

Now, all Christians were called elect, because every one has the power of doing a special work for God in the world. The moment we are lifted out of the darkness of a merely selfish life, and invited to live for truth and love, — the moment we begin to do so, we at once become members of Christ's family, and are serving him in the world. No work done on earth compares with that accomplished by the humblest servant of God. His work is for eternity; while much of that which seems greatest, and makes most noise in the world, is only for time, and then disappears for ever. He who, every morning, begins the day with the purpose and intention of doing God's will, not his own; who says, "Thy kingdom come;" and who asks

strength from God, — strength, sweetness, insight, — may be sure that God will choose him to do something really good and great during that day; not something which seems so, but something which is so. This is the doctrine of election which it does us good to believe in. The more firmly we believe in it, the better we shall be. It will not make us presumptuous, because balanced by responsibility; but it will make life glow with brightness, and the world overflow with beauty and hope.

But as one star differs, in the divine firmament, from another star in glory; so, in the firmament studded with sparkling souls, some shine with a royal or queenly light; others only twinkle with pure but faint lustre. This, again, is an election of God, — *election within the election.* Some are elect among the elect; and no reason can be given for that, either, but the mystery of the Divine Will and Wisdom. Why God should have made Arcturus, Lyra, and Sirius so much brighter than he made other stars which are as near to us as they, is a pure mystery, hidden in the plan of creation. Why to some souls should be assigned the power of a Pascal, a Milton, a Channing, is also a mystery. But these stars shine for the good of all; these souls radiate light for the good of all. We all carry our urns to be filled at those fountains of illumination. All things work together for the common good; and all things are *ours*, — whether Paul, Apollos, or Peter, — when we love and serve God.

So much for the meaning of election. But now observe the next phrase, — "the elect lady."

Christianity, as soon as it was born, accepted woman as fellow-worker with man in its field of labor, and on a perfect equality with him. The apostle himself speaks of women as *his* fellow-laborers. Christianity did a great

thing for mankind when it thus gave to women the same work as to men; choosing them as fellow-workers with man for the truth. Everywhere else, women were counted far below men: but, in the church of Christ, there was "neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female; but all one in Christ Jesus." Everywhere else oppressed, degraded, uneducated, — made the tool, the servant, the slave, the plaything of man, — in the church she at once rose to the same level. There she had the same truth to believe, the same knowledge to acquire, the same Master and Saviour to love, the same law to obey, the same work to do. The foundation of this great equality was laid by Jesus, when he said, "God made MAN, at first, *man* and *woman;*" and he completed the structure in his law of marriage; uniting man and woman, not at the will or caprice of the man, but for ever. When, by the well of Samaria, he talked, with a woman, of the divinest truth, and when he revealed himself, after his resurrection, first of all to women, he led the way to the equality of the two in his church.

Last Sunday afternoon, as the setting sun shone on the pure snow of Mt. Auburn, was laid to rest there the form of AN ELECT LADY, whom many hearts loved in the truth, and loved for the truth in which she lived and walked all her days. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN was a woman chosen by God, — elect among the elect. She had a work to do in this world; and she faithfully labored at her appointed task, without haste and without rest. *Without haste;* for she never bore the marks of hurry, of anxiety, or of one overburdened with toil. She was always fresh and vigorous in mind and heart: not locked in to any workshop of narrow routine, but open to receive all influences, and be interested in all generous activity; keeping the old, but taking in the new. *Without rest;* for no one ever

more fully realized the worth of the hour, or more economized time, or accomplished more by a consistent and energetic activity. Whether she devoted herself to the teaching of the young, to writing books of instruction for children, or to labor in the cause of the slave, the same energy, devotion, and generous self-sacrifice, were always manifested. Yet no one, in sacrifices, more fully followed the Saviour's command: "When thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but to thy Father in heaven." She never seemed to be making sacrifices, or encountering hardship, or renouncing any thing; all was done so easily and cheerfully.

There was something, as all have noticed, which kept her young. She did not seem to be seventy years old. She overflowed with youthful life; took an interest in all events and persons; was ready for new things and fresh friendships. There was a remarkable elasticity, perhaps, in her temperament; but that does not wholly account for it. She kept herself young by sympathy with the young; but that was not all of it. The past did not weigh on her: time left no weight of regret, of remorse, of sad hopelessness, behind it. Yet she was not a mere optimist: she saw evil plainly enough. Her moral sense was quick to detect all wrong, and denounce it; but there was no poison of bitterness in her veins or heart. I think she always was ready to pardon the wrong-doer while condemning the wrong done. In her last illness, in her delirium, she would speak of wrong actions, but add, "There is this excuse, however." Mercy and truth met together in her soul: righteousness and peace had kissed each other. I am here reminded of what Robertson says, in one of his sermons, concerning Jesus, — that he denounced Phariseeism with terrible severity; but to the Pharisee himself he said, —

tenderly almost, — when about to show him his fault, "Simon, I have something to say to thee." She was kept young, I think, mainly by this confidence in human nature, and trust in the fundamental goodness of mankind. It is a belief in the radical depravity of man which makes us grow old. We shrink from our fellow-creatures; we are shut in to our own small life. We cut ourselves off, by want of faith, from the great, flowing tide of human affections, desires, and purposes, which is the life of mankind. We scowl upon it, and satirize it, and pour floods of theological and religious sarcasm upon it; and so we leave our own hearts dry and empty. I think satirists and censors do not often keep such youth of heart. I have seen young men who thought it wisdom to detect base motives everywhere, and to trace every thing back to selfishness and meanness; and they were older at twenty-five than she was at seventy. She may have had wrinkles in her face; but they had wrinkles in their heart. Her confidence in individuals, and hope for all persons, was amazing. The room where she sat was illuminated by her smiling joy in all of whom she spoke. Some people flatter those who are present, but slander the absent. She did neither the one nor the other; but she always, you might be sure, spoke much better of you in your absence than she would do in your presence.

This is the fountain of perpetual youth at which she drank. We need not go to Florida to find it in a region of never-fading blossoms: we can find it nearer, by learning to love and respect all our fellow-men. It pours ever-fresh youth into the soul, not the body; and, when the soul is full of life, it informs and transfigures the body, so that it also seems always young and fair.

When the antislavery movement began in this community, Dr. Follen and Dr. Channing took an early interest

in it. Dr. Follen, a German, who had labored and suffered for liberty at home, could not refuse the call to labor for it here, and suffer here also. He not only adopted the antislavery truth, but identified himself with the antislavery body; which Dr. Channing, equally sincere in his convictions, was not at first, certainly, prepared to do. Mrs. Follen was one with her husband in this cause. She was willing, with him, to sacrifice position, comfort, friendships, influence, and to be one of a despised and humble body. I do not know what her sacrifices were; but I know they must have been great. But, having put her hand to the plough, she never complained or looked back. She encountered poverty, the altered eye of friendship, the loss of that social station to which her husband's genius and learning and her own talents and connections would have entitled her. She laid all these, without regret, on the altar of humanity; and, for twenty years, went on faithfully doing her work in that cause.

Let me conclude these imperfect remarks concerning our friend with the words of another elect lady, — her near friend and fellow-worker — composed in reference to the sad death of CHARLES FOLLEN, who ascended to heaven in a chariot of flame, from amid the dark waters, just twenty years ago. I recite it from memory, and perhaps not correctly; having not seen a copy since that time.

"O Father! from the happy spheres
Wherein thou dwellest, hear the hymn
So faintly uttered 'mid the tears
Which make the eyes, which shed them, dim.

O Jesus! through our stricken souls
Thy free, o'ermastering spirit pour,
To bear us onward, though there rolls
The oppressor's wrath our feet before; —

That, when our work on earth is done,
This pure soul, taken from our need,
May welcome us before the throne
With the glad myriads of the freed."

BOOK NOTICE.

Self-help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of the "Life of George Stephenson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Pp. 400.

THE leading idea of this book seems to be, that nothing truly valuable is to be obtained without labor; and that labor, well directed and faithfully pursued, will overcome all difficulties. The object of the work is a noble one; namely, to assist young men, just entering upon the struggle of life, by instances of successful effort. His illustrations are drawn from all ranks and classes, principally among Englishmen; though a few American instances are cited: viz., Audubon, for perseverance; Washington, for order and economy; and Dr. Channing, for resolute self-culture.

One of the most instructive chapters is that upon Industry and the British Peerage. It shows that the Peerage, instead of being a worn-out aristocracy, living upon the traditions of the past, as some suppose, is in reality fed from the industrial classes; and that a large part of the English nobility is of modern creation, the founders of the houses having been elevated from middle life within a century or two. Such is the Dukedom of Northumberland, which finds its head in a London tradesman; and the Peerage of Normanby, which was founded by a Yankee ship-carpenter.

This book would be a most useful present for a young man; and, unlike many useful books, it would be sure to be read; for it is more interesting than most novels.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1860.

Feb. 22.	From Society in Leominster, as a donation			$22.00
" "	" " " Exeter, N.H., for Monthly Journals .			17.00
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Feb.	27.	From Calais, Me., for Monthly Journals	4.00
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"	"	" Sale of Tracts	1.77
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Mar.	1.	" Society in New Bedford, as a donation	141.50
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CANDIDATES FOR SETTLEMENT.

This list will be corrected monthly. Brethren desiring their names entered, or address changed, will please indicate the same to the Secretary of the A. U. A.

The * affixed to the word "Boston" indicates the address, — "Care of Am. Unitarian Association, Boston."

Preachers.	Address.
Horatio Alger	Marlborough.
Geo. Bradburn	Athol.
Caleb Davis Bradlee	North Cambridge.
H. W. Brown	Worcester.
C. A. Cutter	Cambridge.
F. C. Capen	Boston.*
William Cushing	Clinton.
Charles Brace Ferry	Boston.*
E. B. French	Holliston.
Gerald Fitzgerald	Boston.*
J. K. Hosmer	Cambridge.
William H. Knapp	Quincy.
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Loammi G. Ware	Boston.*
Henry Wescott	Cambridge.
Daniel S. Whitney	Southborough.
J. B. Willard	Still River.
George A. Williams	Deerfield.
Samuel D. Worden	Lowell.
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